[fic] Human AU: Questioning

• Mar. 13th, 2011 at 3:42 AM

Title: Human AU: Questioning.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Michael +/ Gabriel +/ Raphael +/ Lucifer.
Word Count: 1,340 words.
Summary: Lucifer wakes up, gets questioned, and eats a sandwich.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt author's choice (questioning) being used for this one. Eight down, twenty-two to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Michael watches as Gabriel lays Lucifer out on the couch and wonders exactly when things started getting out of hand. He watches Gabriel pause to brush back Lucifer's hair, then cover him with a blanket.

It's as if Lucifer were a brother they cared about, one they should take care of.

All Michael can think is that he wants to go into the kitchen, examine their cutlery, and bring the sharpest blade back so he can finish the job he should have finished years ago.

It's not a pleasant thought, it's not something he should be thinking, but he reminds himself that *this is Lucifer*.

The thought makes his fingers twitch when Lucifer opens his eyes.

Lucifer is sore. Aching, itchy, *hungry*.

It should come as no surprise that he lashes out at Gabriel when he first comes by with milk and a sandwich. It's not Gabriel he's angry at, it's not the food, it's what it all means.

Gabriel stares down at him, then sighs and picks up the remains of the sandwich, setting the milk on the coffee table.

Lucifer doesn't understand how Gabriel can be so nonchalant about this whole business. Lucifer doesn't understand why there's another human (probably another angel) sitting over there, and worst of all he's still sore - still *human*.

"It was the cold," Lucifer says to no one, and tries to sit up. But Gabriel is there, gently pinning him down.

"I don't care what it was, you're not going anywhere," Gabriel tells him.

"...you're human, then."

"Just as human as you are, bro."

Lucifer closes his eyes and clenches his fists, suddenly furiously angry. There's silence for minutes while he hears Gabriel walk away, hears the sounds of everyday human life, hears *breathing*, and Lucifer struggles to control his fury, as this...this was never what he intended to have happen.

Someone - Gabriel, probably - taps his shoulder, so he opens his eyes.

"I brought food, so don't push it to the floor this time," Gabriel tells him. He's set the plate on the coffee table, and now he helps Lucifer sit up. Forces, really, as Lucifer isn't ready for this, isn't willing to face this most human of tasks.

"Either you pick up the sandwich and eat it, or I forcefeed you the sandwich while making airplane noises," Gabriel says, and Lucifer sees amusement appear in the other human's eyes. That confirms it, then, as that must be Michael, or Raphael. Probably Michael.

He gives Gabriel a heated look and collects the sandwich, bites into it, hates that he finds it to be tasty. He chews. Swallows. Looks up at Gabriel, then across at Michael.

"How long have you both been here?" He asks, and knows he doesn't need to clarify his question.

"A month," Gabriel says. "Michael's been here a week or so, and Raphael's been here for about three days. I doubt we'll have any more arrivals, unless Dad's feeling like breaking from the mold."

"...it's just us," Lucifer says softly. "There will be no others."

"How do you know?" Michael asks, and Lucifer nods slowly, confirming his initial impressions: it's Michael.

"Reasons," Lucifer says, and bites into the sandwich again. If there's any one thing he likes about eating, it's that he has a convenient way to avoid answering questions for a moment.

He feels the couch shift as Gabriel sits next to him, but he doesn't look at his brothers. He focuses on the sandwich, and ignores them as best he can.

"Hey, no attacking anyone, Michael!" Gabriel says, and Lucifer looks up to see Michael standing before him, fist raised.

"Why?" Michael asks, and Lucifer sets down his half-eaten sandwich.

"None of the reasons why are ones you'll accept," Gabriel says. "So we'll settle for the simplest one right now: you attack him, I attack you."

Lucifer feels oddly pleased to see the betrayal in Michael's eyes.

"Besides, if you beat him up we can't get information out of him." Gabriel adds, and passes the glass of milk to Lucifer.

Lucifer drinks it, frowning at the taste, and sets the plate and glass on the coffee table.

"Do you know why we're here?" Michael asks, or rather demands, and Lucifer nods quietly.

A long silence passes as Lucifer doesn't say anything and as Michael grows impatient.

"Well?" He says at last.

"...I'll tell you later, Michael." Lucifer says at last. "When Raphael is here as well. I'm not repeating myself."

Lucifer hears a brief sound of annoyance, and when he looks up Michael is leaving.

Gabriel drapes a blanket over Lucifer's shoulders and leans back into the couch, expression carefully neutral.

"As much as I'm glad to be alive," Gabriel says, "I'd like to know why and how and, well, you know, everything about why I've been teaching Michael and Raphael how to cook eggs for the past week, and why I can stub my toe now."

Lucifer takes it to mean that Gabriel's not going to help him avoid answering questions when Michael and Raphael return. He says so.

"I've got two words for you, Lucifer: sun-burn." And Gabriel puts his hands behind his head and leans back against the couch.

Michael resumes his seat across from the couch, Raphael stands just to the left of it, and all Lucifer can think is how like a throne it is, and how like Michael to unconsciously sit like a king.

"Answers," Michael reminds him, and Lucifer straightens in his seat.

"This isn't the entire story," Lucifer says. "I'm certain God could tell you more than what I remember, but it seems that I know more than any of you, so my story alone will have to suffice."

Out of the corner of his eye he sees Gabriel making a 'go on' gesture.

"God spoke to me," Lucifer says, and inwardly winces at the wording - how cliche it is! - but he goes on. "In the Cage. At least, I believe He spoke to me, as I was hallucinating again - " here he notes Michael's look of interest, knows that Michael is thinking of his own time in the same space - " - when I was told that I could ask for any one thing and that according to His will, it might be done." He pauses to draw breath, and to give him time to sort out the next parts - he doesn't remember them well, not that he needs to tell them that.

His brothers are watching him, and he cannot help but wonder now what they are all thinking, but he must go on.

"I remind you that I was hallucinating, and aware of the cold in a way I hadn't been aware of it for centuries, thanks to my recent excursion to Earth. Otherwise why else would I ask for such a thing?"

"What did you ask for already?" Gabriel says, and Lucifer knows that tone of impatience all too well.

"For a chance to be warm, to be with family 'as it was in the beginning' and to have a home again," Lucifer says dryly. "I remind you again, I was hallucinating and cold and deeply unhappy."

He hears Raphael snort, certainly not believing him at all, he doesn't know what Gabriel is thinking, but he can see Michael, and he can see that Michael believes him. It's not surprisingly, really, not when he knows that Michael wants some of the same things, or wanted the same things.

"This wasn't what you meant," Michael says, and Lucifer nods.

"Precisely."

"Okay, there's got to be more to this," Gabriel speaks up, then stands up. "Dad's not that kind of deity."

"It's as much as I'm willing to tell you at the moment," Lucifer says. "And I don't know if He intends to make this permanent, or if He has any further plans."

Then, to prove that he's done, he takes the sandwich off the plate again and resumes eating, glad to ignore them all once more.

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